

JOSEPH BRYAN  
PASSES AWAY

The End Came Peacefully at  
Laburnum, at Half-Past  
8 o'Clock Last Night.

FUNERAL SERVICE  
SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Complication of Heart and Liver  
Troubles Proved Fatal After  
Illness of a Week—Com-  
rades in Arms Pay  
Tribute to His  
Memory

**R. JOSEPH BRYAN** died at his country residence, "Labor-num," at 3:30 o'clock last night of heart failure. He was sixty-three years old, having been born April 19, 1841. A week prior to his death he was ill and his family during that time scarcely left his bedside. When he quietly and peacefully passed away his wife and his five children were present.

Complications of heart and liver were the immediate cause of his death. For a week before he was confined to his bed he had been suffering of ill health, but neither he nor his physicians believed his condition serious. On Saturday last he suffered a violent attack of heart failure, he rallied, and his physicians entertained hopes for his recovery. The recurrence of heart trouble last night proved fatal.

Mr. Bryan is survived by his wife, Isobel H. Stewart, of Brook Hill; five

sons, John Stewart, Robert Colalter, Jonathan, J. St. George and Thomas Pinckney Bryan; one sister, Mrs. Grinnam; and three brothers, John Randolph T. C. St. George and the Rev. C. Braxton Bryan.

The funeral will take place from Emanuel Church, Henrico county, at 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon.

**Joseph Bryann—An Estimate.**

"Joe" Bryann is dead!"

These simple, yet tragic, words will not only carry poignant grief to the

o'clock Sunday afternoon.

**Joseph Bryan—An Estimate.**

"Joe" Bryan is dead!"

These simple, yet tragic, words will not only carry poignant grief to the hearts of kinsmen and comrades and friends—to gentle and simple alike—in this community and throughout this Commonwealth, but will excite the profoundest sorrow in the breasts of thousands all over the land, who knew

In the full tide of personal grief, it is not possible for us to say more than a word of this noble Virgin gentleman, who was so simple and gracious, so quick and generous in his sympathies; of such high courage blended with unaffected Christian humility; of such almost feminine unselfishness in the things small and great that

than a word of this noble virgin gentleman, who was so simple and gracious, so quick and generous in his sympathies; of such high courage blended with unaffected Christian humility; of such almost feminine unselfishness in things small and great; that as Madame Huxford finely said, "Lord Byron's each virtue seemed in him a instinct." "Death hath this also," said Lord Bacon in a noble passage, "that it openeth the gate to good fame."

But this noble gentleman needed no the touch of death to give him "good fame," for even in his lifetime those

who knew him best, and so loved him best, were wont to say, as was said in William Napier, that he seemed raised up from among the medieval dead and set in our midst to give proof that the spirit of knightly constancy and loyalty had not departed from our time.

His love for Virginia was an intense, passionate, personal loyalty that belonged to the men of his generation.

As a lad of sixteen, he had ridden hard by the bridle-rein of John Mosby in all his daring raids and desperate hand-to-hand encounters, and though he accepted loyally the results of the

unequal contest and with a broad pa-  
triotism urged by pen and tongue  
thorough reconciliation between the  
sections, to the very end, when "God

finger touched him and he slept." The cause for which he fought was "strong with the strength of Truth and immortal with the immortality of Right."

Here in this community, where he lived and moved and had "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends"—named throughout Virginia, where he was known in every hamlet and country

side—what need to say a word as  
his invincible loyalty in friendship, his  
tender heart and open hand, his infle-  
xible integrity and his delightful pe-

sonality in private life? He came to the best blood of the Commonwealth and he was himself the consummate flower of that noble and beautiful civilization which was "of its own kind," and to which he ever turned with wistful longing."

privilege of his intimate friendship can ever forget the compelling charm of his presence in social intercourse, his air of distinction, his gracious courtesy, his Old World bearing, his winning smile that could

And thus he bore without abuse  
The grand old name of gentleman  
Of his career as a public-spiritist  
The world has heard and knows the name.

citizen, of his unceasing personal labors and princely generosity in fostering and advancing the material interests of our historic city, this is in the time nor is this the place to spend. Few, we fear would think, would deem him the first place among those liberal and enterprising men who, during the

past decade, have done so much  
make Richmond the foremost city  
the South.  
The greatest of Roman poets breath  
out his tender lament over his lov  
and lost Quintillius:

Ergo Quintilium perpetuus sopor  
Urget? cui puto et justitia soror  
Incorrupta fides nudaque veritas  
Quando ullum inveniet parem?

How immeasurable the difference between the hopeless sorrow of the courtly Roman bard for this friend, whose like Reverence and

taunted Honor and naked Truth shall never look again," and our own grief (poignant as it is), dominated by the note of triumphant faith! How shall

the contrast between the "endless sleep" of this fastidious Epicurean